

PINKERTON ACADEMY

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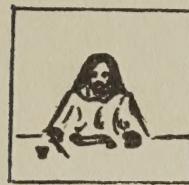
MARIAN L. BILLINGS

.. Pinkerton ..



"O Pinkerton, we hail thee
Facing the eastern light."

DERRY VILLAGE,
N. H.



EDITORIAL



The snow lay white and even across the big field and it looked very inviting. Bill said, "Let's see who can walk the straightest across the field to that big pine over there."

"O. K.," was Jim's answer, "I'll bet I can."

The two boys started, leaving their footprints as evidence to decide the winner. Jim looked neither to right or left or backward but kept his eyes straight ahead. Bill stopped frequently and looked back to see how his path looked.

At last the other side of the field was reached and there stretched Jim's trail almost perfectly straight while Bill's was crooked.

Jim's explanation was that he kept his eyes on the goal ahead of him all the time.

Our goal for some is graduation and some, vacation. So let's stop stalling around and whining "It isn't my fault, that teacher doesn't like me" and start working for a good straight path to our goal. Here is a chance to show what we're made of and to come through with shining colors. Are the first laps of the race very important to the runner? Yes, but the last lap decides whether it is to be victory or defeat.

Let's consider the school year our track and we are now beginning the last lap. Fight, and make it a wonderful victory! Instead of stopping and looking backwards at our bad beginnings let's keep our eye on the goal ahead—a finish to be proud of.

Remember the success of anyone in later life depends upon his school years and it is very hard to straighten out a crook in the oak made in the sapling.

So on your mark—set—and go fighting every moment, for a glorious, creditable finish. May the best ones win.

TO THE ROBIN

I'm glad that you come early every spring;
For you're a breath of beauty through the day.
You seem to promise gorgeous days ahead;
And lilac time does not seem far away.

Perhaps it is because you herald spring
That always makes us happy when you come.
Perhaps, but this I know, when every spring
We hear your cheery song,
We, too, begin to sing.

OGLA FULLONTON, '36



A FINE OLD GENTLEMAN

Everyone in this great wide world has encountered this fine old gentleman of whom I am writing.

He gloats in the glories of winter, the budding of spring, and delights in the gayeties of summer and the colored splendor of autumn. He changes our lives, brings us up from the mischievous pranks of childhood to the experience of youth, and the solemnity and realization of age. Not only does his hand and mouth make changes in the lives of human beings, but also in the commercial and domestic environment.

Progress is gradual, but certain, and this fine old gentleman is responsible for the numerous appliances which make our modern life easier, in work, thought and social activities.

We encounter this old gentleman in the midst of our sorrows, at the bottom of our trials and troubles, and as a leader in all our joys and anticipations. He controls the machinery of evolution, and works the pump of life. He uses numerous means and devices in driving the world across the troublesome bridge of life, and bringing it safely on the opposite side.

The old gentleman's chief tool, in the control of the mechanical world, is merely, "Conquered trials, greater achievements."

This fine old gentleman has been known, since the world began, as old Father Time.

RHODA MITCHELL. '37

WAR

While war is the opposite of peace, it has for its definite object the establishment of peace and the more vigorously war is prosecuted, the more quickly, as a rule, may the object be attained.

The alleged causes of war are many and various. War may arise from jealousy of power; from religious prejudices; from racial hatred; from mere lust of conquest or from the impulse of a strong nation to help defend the weak. Whether just or unjust, desirable or undesirable, or whether war could have been avoided, are considerations which have no bearing on the fact that war exists.

War is primarily a matter of destruction, and modern invention has been largely devoted to means by which the power of the enemy may be destroyed quickly and effectively.

War is not the action of an unorganized mob without the formation of a definite plan, but is the intelligent co-operation of a disciplined army and often an effective navy, with a definite object in view. Successful war is the result of the working together of trained minds, and in no modern pursuit is the advantage of the trained intellect more apparent than in war.

VIRGINIA BLOOMFIELD, '39.

"THE JOYS OF A GARDEN"

Perhaps a spruce grove could not exactly be classed as a garden but this distinctly is what mine is to me. I consider it mine because it is located on our property, and moreover, I have visited and admired these noble conifers innumerable times since I was very young. But no!—not really mine, either unless I assume the rather cold-blooded attitude of a materialist. I am welcome not as an owner but rather as a guest, subject to unwritten and unspoken restrictions and regulations. I could never impose on such a friendship.

Always as I enter, at the same natural opening by the old beech stump, a sensation closely akin to fear prevades my whole being. Here in these dim aisles, there is such a marked difference in my surroundings. The bright sunshine is absent; there is a dark green canopy over my head instead of the blue sky; the green grass underfoot has been snatched away and replaced by a soft brown carpeting which is capriciously designed by the many fallen cones. And all about me solemnly rise the majestic grayish-brown spruce spires. It is truly an awe inspiring place.

As I gaze up at the trunks to the green foliage above me, I seem to sense a mysterious presence close about me, and as my glance descends to the brown flooring, I feel as though a thousand eyes were watching me from the branches above.

But loud laughter, spirited conversation and other forms of unrestraint are as out of place here as in libraries, museums or churches. And in truth my spruce grove is a combination of all three: a library without books; a museum, one of Nature's own; and God's temple, green-roofed, brown tiled, and gray pillared, with the soul of the spruce grove preaching wordless sermons.

VIRGINIA BLOOMFIELD, '39.

AFRAID OF THE DARK

I'm not really afraid of the dark, and yet I do not relish the thought of being in the dark—alone.

When I enter a dark room I always go in backwards, so I will be the one to have a head start—if necessary. There is something gruesome about a dark room. It's very easy to imagine Frankenstein or Dracula ready to reach out and grab you. Or perhaps it's just a burglar waiting to "klunk" you on the head.

I remember one night when I was taking care of some children, that the lights kept going out. The first time the lights went out the baby was in the kitchen alone. It didn't help matters any, to have him let out some piercing screams that made chills run up and down my spine. I was careful to keep him close to me after that. The second time the lights went out the older boy went to the window and looked out. Everything was quiet until he said in a low monotone voice, "I see a man coming with a sword." I very politely told him to keep quiet. I was hoping the light would soon go on as I was on my last fingernail.

The next time I took care of those children, I was careful to have a lamp within easy reach.

Oh, no, I'm not really afraid of the dark but I believe in playing safe.

RUTH CORLISS, '37.

THE WHISTLE

No one ever noticed the old man. He dressed plainly, but his suit was always neatly pressed; his shoes were worn but brushed with care. He passed along the street each day, yet no one thought about his passing.

The street would better have been called a road, yet fancy named it Peel Street. Perhaps it wasn't fancy but a title won by time, for Captain Peel had lived in Oak's Manor during many years, and after his passing his son had taken over the estate. There were several other houses on Peel Street, but one remembered only Oak's Manor. It was a huge building, like a stately mansion, set back some distance from the road. Leading to it was a drive, bordered on either hand with huge oaks, many years old. One entered through an arching gateway set between the two oldest trees. On either side of the entrance were stone seats, covered with moss. This gateway was the most important part of the whole estate. So it proved at least to Elizabeth Peel who was Captain Peel's only daughter. She was a spirited girl, dark and attractive with a bit of her father's temper in her nature. It was this temper that caused the little incident at the gateway.

John Barclay meant well certainly. He had tried tactfully to explain to Elizabeth just why he had to go to Florida. His going meant a big boost in his father's business which badly needed just that, and it was necessary to his mother who was not very well and did not realize the condition of the family finances. So John had decided to go to Florida. He had taken a good deal of time doing so, because it meant his marriage with Elizabeth would have to be postponed.

"But going to Florida won't do any good, now," argued Elizabeth who was sitting on one of the stone seats. "Your father's business has been failing for some time, but no one could help it. At least no one but me. After we are married and you take over the business, we can put it back on its feet. My inheritance will take care of it very nicely."

"It could but I don't wish it to. Don't you see, Elizabeth, as it is, I'll be taking a rich bride without a very big wallet in my own pocket. It doesn't fit into my idea of marriage. I know I can take care of the thing once I get to Florida and see just how things stand. They may not be so bad after all."

"You say that, after the telegram you received this morning? I think you're being foolish about the whole affair. If conditions are so drastic as the telegram implied, I don't think you should go to Florida without something to back any move you might find it best to take."

"I have more self-respect than to take a wife for financial reasons. People in this town don't mince words, you know."

"Well, if you don't care to take me as a wife now, you needn't take me at all. Go ahead to Florida, but I won't be here when you come back." She rose, her temper flashing from her eyes and lips, "I thought you loved me, John Barclay, but you love your reputation more. Go ahead to Florida," she repeated, "and you can start right now by leaving me!"

The young man opened his mouth, but closed it again suddenly. He turned and walked out of the gateway.

Elizabeth Peel watched him for a distance, her body stiff. Then she sank to the bench and burst into sobs. She let her temper drown itself amid her tears.

John's pace slackened. He walked slowly, thinking to himself. He was about to pass out of sight around the base of a hill when a low whistle reached his ear. He turned and looked about him. He hadn't realized it before, but one got an awfully good view of Oak's Manor from this place. The oaks wove their way majestically downward toward the gateway. The gateway? John's eyes rested upon something bright blue, something still, unmoving, just at the entrance. It was the blue of Elizabeth's gown. He looked carefully. She was sitting again—no, she was leaning over, but what for? Then he realized. She was crying.

He found himself hurrying back over the road. A few minutes later he was standing over her repeating her name brokenly.

"Elizabeth," he said, shaking her gently, "Elizabeth, listen to me. I'm not going to Florida. Not till tomorrow anyway. I've changed my mind. We're going to be married, right now. I'll send dad a telegram, telling him to hold on until his son can bring the best little woman in the world to set the company back on its feet."

"Oh, I knew you'd come back," she whispered, "when I—"

But she didn't finish. His lips prevented that. Come back? Of course he had when he had heard her whistle. He hadn't known that she could whistle. Yes he had heard the whistle, but he hadn't noticed the old gray man.

GAIL CLARK, '37

ELATED

I walked along the road;
I met
A youth so handsome,
But shabby.
I asked, "What, friend,
Are you seeking?"
"Nothing," he replied;
"I am sick of this;
Money will not buy happiness,
I am going onward, ever onward,
And I care not where I go."
"You must not give up so young, so early,"
I replied, "Give life a trial;
Work, and happiness you will find
Because work gives you that impetus
To carry on, to get what life
Is worth."
He looked at me with enlightened eyes,
He bade me a kind Thank You,
And along he went and I could see
That he was happy.

HOWARD MOODY, '36

MYSTIC REVERIE

Drift back with me in reverie to the days of ancient Rome,
 Where the Romance Gods upon the clouds were mythically enthroned.
 With Juno, Queen of the Heavens, begins our mystic dream,
 Guardian of women and the Goddess of Rome, supreme;
 Hasten forward Diana, to the cadence of this tune,
 Huntress of the Forest and Goddess of the Moon;
 Fleeing from Olympus, to dwell upon the earth,
 We greet thee Mother Ceres, with thy harvests of such worth;
 Venus, the Herald of Love and Beauty, created from the foam,
 We bid thee welcome, thou favorite of the ancient poets of Rome;
 Minerva, thou possessor of the valued gift of wisdom,
 The source of prudence and courage and the oracle of freedom;
 To Jupiter, the Celestial Diety of the Sky and of the Clouds,
 We bid thee hasten, Controller of the Future and Supremest of the Proud;
 Vulcan, thou fearful, thou God of Fire and Flame, Creator of Strife,
 Divine artist of thy creations, to breathe into them the breath of life;
 To the beauteous trails of nature, we hearken to the passing
 Of Flora, Goddess of Flowers and verdant fields of lasting;
 With the thunderous approach of Mars, the God of Belligerent War,
 We view a full-armed figure, with helmet, shield, and sword;
 With the Trident as his symbol, below the sea abodes
 Neptune, Chief of the Maritime Gods, and Herald to all Rome;
 Thus back we drift from the ancient gods of legendary myths,
 But still in fancy's dream, regain them, in a transient mystic tryst.

VIRGINIA BLOOMFIELD, '39

“HOME AGAIN”

Pleasant thoughts our minds must think,
 Pleasant words, lips say,
 Telling of some inner mood,
 Happy, glad or gay;
 But the sweetest word I know
 Said with tongue or pen
 You can hear in this brief phrase;
 “Home Again”!

After distant journeying,
 Weary and alone,
 Over miles that bring us back,
 Sings with joyous tone
 In our hearts the sweetest words
 Known to lonely men—
 Words that say that soon we'll be
 “Home Again”!

EVELYN RIDER, '37

MY POEM

If I could have a wish
 This only would it be,
 That I could give Miss Billings
 The work she gives to me.

I don't mind writing themes,
 Editorials aren't too bad,
 But when she says, "write poetry,"
 It makes me, oh, so sad.

I sit and think all day,
 But rhymes won't come to me,
 There's nothing in this world as bad
 As writing poetry.

If I could have a wish
 This only would it be
 That some day I'd change places
 And make *her* write poetry.

JFSEPHINE MCGAULEY, '37

IT'S IN THE AIR

It cannot be the flowers—there are none—
 Nor leaves, for the trees are bare;
 It cannot be the birds for they haven't arrived—
 I guess it's just in the air!

It can't be green grasses growing—
 Snow lies on the hillside there;
 Nor skies of blue—they're dull and gray—
 I guess it's just in the air!

For I've the springiest feeling—
 All merry, and free from care—
 With never a sign that spring's close by—
 I guess it's just in the air!

OGLA FULLONTON, '36

THE GOLDENROD

Straight as an arrow today;
 Tomorrow, bent and flayed;
 Then returned to dust. Behold,
 Man thy future is foretold.

CLARENCE PATTEN, '36

"SENT OUT LAUGHING"

He felt awful funny. Sort of numb. Larry Larken wanted to laugh. The sensation was like a nightmare.

A face hovered above him, as he opened his eyes. That must be the doctor. A prettier face outlined by copper colored curls peeked from behind the doctor's. A red-headed nurse! Larry tried to smile at her.

"Did—did you send for Bert Keen like I asked you?"

He was assured that Mr. Keen was on his way to the hospital. With a weak smile, he closed his eyes.

Bert Keen! of all people to ask for when he was hurt. For ten years they had been together in vaudeville. Bert sat in the audience and when Larry came on to dance, Bert made fun of him. He would start to tell a joke and Bert would end it. The audience loved that. They were the biggest act from coast to coast.

But how they hated each other. Outside the theater they never exchanged a word. They collected their salary separately and traveled separately.

What had they quarreled about? He couldn't remember. It was something silly. Well, whatever it was, Bert would never forgive him—nor would he forgive Bert.

Then came the automobile smash-up. As he regained his senses, on a hospital bed, the only person he could think of was Bert. He wanted to tell Bert not to worry about the act. They'd play the Palace next week if he had to dance in a wheel chair.

"Hello, Larry." It was Bert's voice calling through the mist.

"Lo, Bert. You took a long time getting here!" Larry said, trying to smile, as a new pain went through his body.

"I met a blonde on the way over. I had to stop and get her phone number." Bert turned to the doctor. "I thought you said—"

The doctor nodded quickly. Bert caught his breath.

The room was growing darker. He couldn't understand it. Perhaps they turned out the lights. But he was feeling fine now, thanks to Bert.

"Say, Bert, what's the difference between light and dark? I'll bet you can't answer that."

"The dark gives you twice as many kisses."

The doctor and the nurse sure were hard to please. Larry was laughing, but he couldn't hear them laugh. Then somehow, he couldn't laugh. The room grew darker. The pain and numbness left him.

The doctor touched Bert on the shoulder and nodded. Bert remained looking down at him.

"Oh, how could you," the nurse cried. "It was horrible talking to him that way!"

"I hated the sight of him!" Bert murmured. "He stole all my best lines. He never gave me any credit for putting the act over. He thought he was the whole show!" Then with a wistful smile he added, "But I sent him out laughing! He'd have done as much for me."

OLIVE GARVIN, '37.

COURAGE

"Have you courage to face the world, my son?
 Are you strong to battle your foe?
 Can you meet your troubles one by one,
 And bear life's burdening blow?"
 "And what is courage?" the lad replied.
 "What is the strength I need?
 I know not trouble. I'm yet untried.
 What courage should be my creed?"
 "To fight the battle unto the end.
 To stand for the right you know.
 To speak the truth, though danger impend.
 To bear the pangs of woe.
 To know that you're right though scorned by the world.
 To smile when the clouds are black.
 To stiffen your chin to the blows that are hurled.
 To take them and yet fight back.
 That is courage, my son. To live,
 To find the best that you can.
 And in return for the best, to give
 Full proof that you are a man."

GAIL CLARK, '37

SPRING

Spring is coming
 Bees are humming
 Birds are trilling roundelay
 Human sadness
 Nature's gladness
 Changes into songs of praise.

Trees are budding
 Light is flooding
 With new glory, hill and plain.
 Lambkins bleating
 Send a greeting
 To the vernal monarch's reign.

Streamlets merry
 Onward hurry
 Joy, the balmy breezes bring.
 Long in breaking
 Nature waking
 Welcome thee, thou smiling spring.

DOROTHEA MYATT, '37



The Pinkerton Crow Family

FATHER CROW—SENIORS

Caw! Caw! I wish this class as Seniors, would insist on a little higher temperature in their room. I've been so cold during the last two months, that I have often contemplated leaving for a warmer climate.

If it weren't for the loyalty which I owe to those members who participated in the annual Senior Play, "Green Stockings" and who aided in making its production so commendable, I certainly would desert. Caw! I speak for the class in now expressing our gratitude to our able coach—Miss Billings, for even with a cast which included such thespians as Evelyn DesMarais, Lurlene Gordon, Ruth Harlow, Mary Peart, Katherine O'Neil, Philip Bartlett, Alvin Johnson, Frederick Manning, Robert Morrison, Wilfred Normandeau and Norman Watts, the play could not have attained the acclaim it did, had it not been for the excellent training and support received from Miss Billings.

Caw! what an evening I spent the night of the annual Senior Sleigh Ride! The evening was typical of the bluster and sub-zero weather of January, so perhaps it was just as well that the class's "sleighs" were equipped with heaters and well-running engines. I believe this, our last sleigh ride, was enjoyed even more than last year's because we all realized that we never again could all be together and spend an evening in that particular manner.

The next event of importance to the Seniors will be the production of "The Florist Shop," a one act play. The cast has not yet been selected but we have no doubt that it will be representative of the superior latent in the Senior Class.

I am sure you'll all be glad to know that in a recent class meeting, the Senior voted to underwrite the year book which will be published in June.

Caw! I must once again return to Room 6 and await developments among the Seniors. May you all have a most pleasant vacation!

MOTHER CROW—JUNIORS

Caw! Caw! Caw! What activities I have witnessed from my perch overlooking the Junior room! I certainly have a lot to tell you about this peppy class.

Caw! Caw! On one of the coldest evenings in the winter a sleigh could be seen making its way to the Londonderry Town Hall. Nearly frozen beneath

many blankets were the Juniors! Hot refreshments awaited them at the hall and were fully appreciated. Games were played and the group enjoyed an impromptu amateur program, the "high light" of which, was a song, rendered in heart breaking tones by Mr. Conner and Mr. Wheelock. Thus ended the Junior Sleigh Ride with an extremely cold ride home.

Caw! Caw! Where are all those young people going on such a stormy night, dressed in their best? Why to the Junior Prom of course! This affair was a grand success, the hall being decorated in red and white and made melodious by Roland Russel's Ramblers. The grand march was led by the president and vice-president, Robert Hanf and Dorothea Myatt. This affair was pronounced a huge success.

Caw! Caw! I witnessed a triumph in athletics. The Junior girls won the girls' championship in basketball. Caw! Caw! Caw! Hurrah for the Junior team! Caw! Caw!

How this class has gone in for dramatics! Caw! Caw! They are going to present the one-act play "Elmer" in the Competition. Good luck, Juniors!

Caw! Caw! Caw! The Juniors outdid themselves in the choice and presentation of their play, "The Queen's Husband." Capably coached by their ever-faithful adviser, Mr. Wheelock, the play proved to be a grand success!

Caw! Caw! Caw! How hoarse my throat is getting, telling of the numerous activities of the Juniors. I shall return to my perch now and bid you "Farewell" till June.

Caw! Caw! Caw!

SISTER CROW—SOPHOMORES

Caw! Caw! Caw! The busiest part of the Sophomore season is over, but I notice '38 is still going strong.

With the departure of Mr. Presby for new quarters in Center Sandwich, the Sophomore Class has been under the excellent supervision of Mr. Alfred Conner.

Caw! Caw! The annual Junior Prom found a large attendance of Sophomores, who (as I noticed) had a very enjoyable time.

Caw! Caw! Wait 'till I tell you the news! The Sophomore basketball five has shown its superiority over all other boys' teams in the school by winning the Interclass Championship and coveted trophy this year. Fine work '38!

Caw! On March third the Blue and White engaged in a skirmish with the Freshmen (in basketball, of course).

The Sophomore girls allowed the Freshmen girls a victory; the final score reading 29 to 18.

The Sophomore boys, captained by Leonard Gonye, easily defeated the '39 squad by ten points, 15-5.

Caw! Caw! '38 wishes to announce the selection of its class play. It is entitled "Grandma Pulls the Strings," and promises to be a good one.

Caw! Caw! I guess I'll retire to my nest where I can get a better view of these active Sophs from the high point. I'll be saying good-by, "As the crow calls" Caw! Caw!

BABY CROW—FRESHMEN

Caw! Caw! At last I can fly. I'm like the Freshmen, fully fledged. Since the election of class officers and colors, the members of "39" have settled down to business as a completely organized class.

The officers are:

President	Frank O'Neil
Vice-President	Virginia Bloomfield
Secretary	Theresa Bernier
Treasurer	Chester Gordon

Members of the Student Council are:

Arline Duvarney	Barton Woodward
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Caw! Caw! In choosing their class colors these Freshmen showed good taste. Blue and gold proved to be the favorites, and now I see a new banner reposing in Chapel.

Caw! Caw! No one can say the Freshmen class lacks athletic ability. I see basketball was a popular sport for both boys and girls. All of the season they practiced diligently and played many inter-class games.

At the annual Sophomore, Freshmen boys' and girls' games held in competition for the championship, these Freshmen shared glory half and half with the Sophomores, for the girls of "39" defeated the girls of "38" in an exciting and hard fought game, the score being 31—18. The boys however, were defeated by the Sophomore boys' team by a score of 15-5. But they are good losers.

Caw! Caw! These Freshmen have also dramatic ability that will be shown when they take part in the one act play contest. They will put on, "The Man From Brandon" in competition with the other classes.

Yes, I've proved to be the mascot for the class of '39. Caw! Caw!

OPEN FIRE

Twilight and open fire,
Curling flames from elfin faces,
Beckoning me to unguessed places—
To the land of heart's desire.

JEAN HUBBARD, '37

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF—

Johnson didn't bring his car to school.

Bartlett agreed with Miss Billings (and vice-versa).

DesMarais, Fullonton and O'Neil got to school before the first bell.

Arthur Rider got to his French and History classes on time.

Ruth Grady brought her own lunch to school.

Basketball

The basketball season opened early in December, with a goodly number of candidates reporting at Veteran's Hall for practice.

Robert Morrison was elected captain of the team, with Roy Dexter as manager, and Mr. Clark and Mr. Harriman efficiently filling the coaching positions.

Several practice games preceded the season's regular schedule of games, and the team gave a very creditable showing of itself against several very strong opponents.

Coach Clark also developed an excellent second team, with Frederick Draper as captain.

P. A. Defeats Methuen

The Pinkerton team opened its season on January 23, in Veteran's Hall with a decisive victory over Methuen High School.

The final score stood, Pinkerton 36—Methuen High School, 20.

Captain Morrison was high scorer for Pinkerton, with ten points, while Graichen, left forward, excelled for Methuen with fifteen points.

The Pinkerton Seconds also won over the Methuen Seconds by a score of 24 to 9.

P. A. Wins at Tilton

On Saturday, January 25, the Pinkerton Quintet journeyed to Tilton to play its second game of the season against the Tilton Junior Varsity.

The Red and White Hoopsters scored an easy win of 29 points to the Tilton J. V.'s 14.

Andy Masellis was high scorer of the evening, with a total of 19 points to his credit.

Although the playing was not as fast as it might have been, both teams displayed exceptionally fine defense work and co-operation.

Manchester Central Defeats Pinkerton

The Academy team suffered its first defeat of the season at the bonds of the Manchester Central High School Quintet. The game was played on Tuesday, January 28, in the Practical Arts Gymnasium in Manchester.

The final score stood 24-17 in favor of Manchester Central. The fact that Pinkerton held this powerful adversary to such a low and comparatively close score proved to many a local basketball fan that the Red and White could hold her own against many of the better teams of the state.

Pinkerton Wins Over Woodbury

In a hard fought, closely contested game the P. A. squad finally managed to eke out a 24-22 victory over Woodbury High School in Veterans Hall on January 31.

A record crowd attended the game and saw one of the most thrilling contests of the season.

Both teams held the lead at different times during the game, but the Academy squad gained a two point margin late in the third quarter and kept it throughout the final period.

The Pinkerton Second team also won over the Woodbury Seconds by a score of 32-16.

P. A. Wins at Methuen

The fifth game on the season's schedule marked another close exciting contest at the Methuen High School Gym.

After thirty-two minutes of strenuous nerve wracking exertion the Red and White players emerged with the laurels of victory lying upon their perspiring foreheads. The score when the final whistle blew was P. A. 25, Methuen High School 22.

Masellis was high scorer for Pinkerton with nine points while English, center for Methuen excelled with 13 points.

Pinkerton Drops Booster Night Game

Several hundred spectators watched the Academy team bow its head in the second defeat of the season in Veterans' Hall, February 15.

The score, Tilton J. V.'s 33, Pinkerton 30, was in marked contrast to the score of the Tilton game played earlier in the season.

A Booster Night was sponsored and the Lettermen's Association chooses this opportunity to express its gratitude to the student body for its co-operation in selling tickets and their helping to make the evening a success. The returns from the ticket sales are to be used to purchase new athletic equipment.

A preliminary game was held to determine the class championship of the school between the Sophomores and Juniors. The Sophomores were victorious by a score of 28 to 19.

P. A. Loses at Woodbury

Woodbury High School edged Pinkerton 36-31 in a nip and tuck battle at Salem, February 18.

Mere words cannot describe the sportsmanship and co-operation displayed by both teams throughout the game. Those who saw the game claim it to be one of the most thrilling schoolboy battles of the season.

Bob Morrison, Captain and center for Pinkerton, and Lynch of Woodbury were outstanding scorers of the game with 11 and 10 points respectively.

P. A. Loses by Single Point

Probably the most "heartbreaking" game of the season was played February 25, in Veterans' Hall, when the Red and White Quintet lost to Sanborn Seminary 27-28.

Both teams were evenly matched and the final was literally in the hands of the Gods of basketball, who chose to smile upon the deserving Sanborn Quintet. Those who have seen fit to criticize the Pinkerton team for the outcome of this game should remember that the Red and White won by a similar score at Sanborn, last season, and that luck cannot remain with the same team all of the time.

Masellis of P. A. and Shattuck of Sanborn were outstanding scorers of the contest.

P. A. Drops Final Game

The Pinkerton Quintet's hopes for vengeance in the return game with Sanborn Seminary were dashed rather rudely to the floor of the Sanborn gym, where the Red and White lost, 38-18 on February 28.

The Sanborn game marked the close of the P. A. basketball season. Four games of the nine games schedule were won and five lost.

Andy Masellis and Bob Morrison were outstanding scorers of the season, although all of the varsity players did their share in the season's scoring.

Graduation will remove several players from the line up but Coach Clark feels that enough material will be left to develop an excellent line-up for next season.

AMAZONS VERSUS ALL-SCARS

If you want to see a thrilling, exciting, hilarious game, see the Senior boys versus the Senior girls in a basketball game. You will think that football is child's play and earthquakes are mild, after you have once seen these dynamic antagonists in action. All these facts were proved by the game which these two teams played, when the boys of the class of '36 accepted the challenge of the girls of that class, which Mr. Harriman refereed.

Practically all the school assembled at Legion Hall on February 20, prepared to witness a spectacular contest, but they were in no way prepared for the volcanic combat which took place before their eyes.

At precisely three o'clock the Amazons stalked into the gymnasium. They were six in number: Captain, Mildred Hutton, Inez Floyd, June Sullivan, Jean Mitchell, Madeline Welch, and Ruth Grady. Then, a few minutes later, the mercurial All-Scars skipped gracefully onto the floor. They were eight in number: Captain, Norman Watts, Fred Lewis, Howard Moody, Louis Densmore, Philip Bartlett, Frederick Manning, and Arthur Rider. These male combatants were sights to make any eyes sore. Each and every one danced gaily into position wearing hats and coats. Upon disposing of these, they stood, like little Lord Fauntleroys, dressed in shirts, ties and cute little shorts. Here and now we wish to offer our bewildered congratulations to Mr. Howard Gage Moody. How anyone could adorn so many coats, sweaters and vests in one time is still a mystery to his startled audiences.

Now for the game! To say the least it was a surprise. The muscular Amazons, with some difficulty, swept the masculine All-Scars off their feet. The quarters were short, but a great deal can happen in a few minutes. Other than the fact that Mr. Manning and Mr. Watts passed out between quarters, no casualties were suffered and after a whirlwind, never-to-be-forgotten game, the Amazons defeated the All-Scars with a score of 12-10.

GIRLS' ATHLETIC NOTES

Bustle! Confusion! and Excitement! Basketball had begun again! How the girls flocked to Veterans' Hall for practice! (Incidentally "Gummer" Gonye was helping to coach). After a short period of practice, interclass games

were begun. The Freshmen Class had a splendid representation, being able to produce three teams. At the end of both rounds of interclass competition, the Junior Class won the basketball trophy, without having lost a single game.

Then the fun began! A Varsity Team was formed and interscholastic competition was initiated. First came three practice games—two with the Pinkerton Alumnae and one with Hampstead High School. The new Pinkerton Varsity came through with flying colors in all three games, being victorious by a wide margin. The scores were: :

Pinkerton Varsity	30	Alumnae	26
Pinkerton Varsity	33	Alumnae	3
Pinkerton Varsity	34	Hampstead	14

Then the real competition for the Pinkerton girls commenced.

Woodbury Girls Defeat Pinkerton By One Point

In a breath-taking, close game, which held all its audience spellbound, the Woodbury girls defeated the Pinkerton girl athletes by one point,—the score being 22-23. At the end of the game refreshments were enjoyed by both teams.

Pinkerton Girls Again Defeated by that One Point

In a return game with Woodbury at Salem, a game even more thrilling than that held at home was played, ending with a score of 26-27, Woodbury again the victors. This game was even more difficult for the Pinkerton-boosters to see lost because the Pinkerton girls were for a time in the lead. Refreshments were served after this game also.

Pinkerton Victorious Over Sanborn

At last the Pinkerton players had learned their strength and were using it. In an exciting, fast game played at Veterans' Hall the Pinkerton girls defeated the Sanborn girls with a score of 23-21. Members of the Home Economics Department kindly served refreshments to both teams at the close of the game.

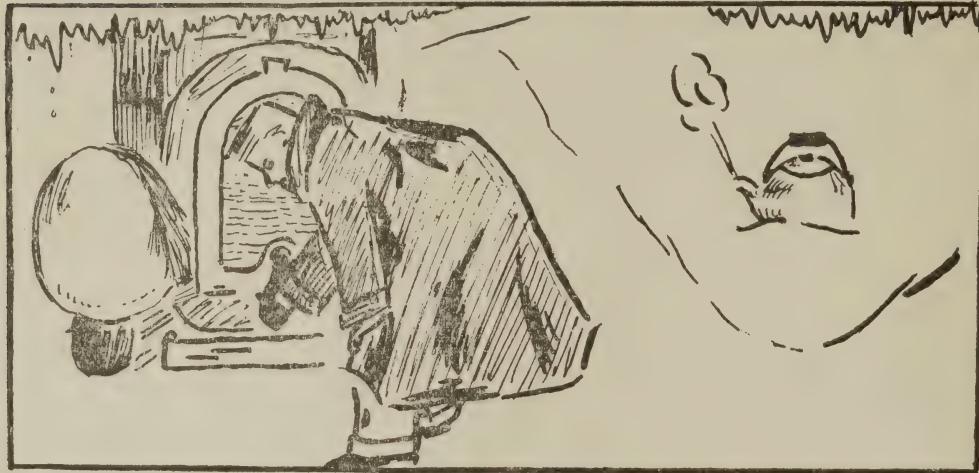
Pinkerton Girls Overwhelm Sanborn

In the grand finale of the basketball season, the Pinkerton girls played a game pleasing to the hearts of all those pro-Pinkerton. The Pinkerton Amazons defeated the bewildered Sanborn girls by the wide margin of 31-18. The game was played at Kingston. It was an excellent way to end the season, girls!

Thus endeth the basketball season of 1935-36, but before we close let us grant a note of thanks to those efficient and capable coaches of girls' basketball, (Miss Elizabeth Merriam and Mr. Richard Gonye), who helped make the season such a success. We especially wish to thank Mr. Gonye for his kindness in voluntarily aiding in coaching the girls. Also the kind assistance of Mr. Bell has been greatly appreciated. Of course the members of the Varsity deserve our most sincere congratulations. Those members were:

Ruth Brooks, (manager); Mildred Hutton, (captain); Marion Morrison, Amelia Romeiko, Pauline Senecal, Althea Sweet, Ruth Grady, Priscilla Darling, Teresa Bernier, Madeline Welch, Jean Hubbard, Charlotte Mitchell and Grace Hook.

GRINDS



ODDS AND ENDS

What's this we hear about "Red" Gurley's trip to Sanborn.

There is a discussion about changing "Andy" Masellis's name to Antoinette.

There are rumors that we **have** the makings of a great orator in the faculty. Who is this in the Junior Class that can't hold her man?

We wonder who they are who patronize the Home Food Kitchen? I think we should ask the Seniors.

Watts expects 100% disability on his accident insurance policy for spraining his thumb. He's a professional hitch-hiker.

Tommy Howard says if he only knew where he was to die, he'd never go near the place.

Maybe it was Ramsden who had the sign in front of his workshop!

"Automobiles washed, one dollar—

Austins dunked, 50 cents."

Where does Bill Patten get his curls?

We hear that Johnson's so lazy he runs his car over a bump to knock the ashes off his cigarette.

What Junior boy appears to be so interested in Olives?

Is it true that Mildred Hutton wants to go to West Point?

We wonder who the gentlemen were that got wet under Parshley's window?

Just who was it who sent Mr. Wheelock that nice valentine?

History Teacher: "It took hundreds of years to build the pyramids in Egypt."

Bright Student: "Oh, a government job."

J. O'Brien: "Here's the latest picture I've drawn; it's "The Battle." War is a terrible thing, you know."

F. O'Neil: "Oh, but it couldn't be as bad as it is painted!"

Somebody applying for a job: "I hear your partner has died, want me to take his place?"

Boss: "Surely, if you can arrange it with the undertaker."

Ruth Harlow to a newspaper Editor: "You said my story was good and original—yet you refused to print it. How do you explain that?"

Editor: "Well, the part that was good wasn't original, and the part that was original wasn't good."

Luke Densmore: "Did you shave this morning?"

Don Clark: "Why, yes."

Luke: "Well, the next time stand a little closer to the *razor*."

Mr. Harriman: "What is this leathery stuff?"

Waiter: "That's fillet of sole."

Mr. Harriman: "Take it away and see if you can't get me a nice, tender piece from the upper part of the boot."

Senior: "You know, when my father was born he only weighed two and one-half pounds."

Freshman: "Gee, did he live?"

Casting Director (Maybe of M. G. M.): "Come back later. I may give you a job as an old man."

C. W. Patten: "But I'm not old enough to take the part of an old man."

Director: "You will be by the time I ask for you."

K. Blanchard: "Did you ever hear of the straw that broke the camel's back?"

Proprietor of a country tavern: "Certainly."

K. Blanchard: "Well, you'll find it in the bed I tried to sleep in last night."

Grady: "Father and I know everything in the World."

Bill Smith: "You do, do you? All right then, where's Asia?"

Grady: "That's one of the things Father knows."

Winifred Dore: How's business?"

Fanny Gedney: "Splendid, I just got a commission from a millionaire; wants his wife and children painted badly."

Winnie: "Great; you're just the one for the job."

A. Sweet: "How did your father know we were out in the car yesterday?"

Masellis: "Quite simple. Remember that tall gentleman we ran into? That was father."

Marion Morrison: "Until I drove a car I never knew there was so much profanity in the world."

Bob: "Do you hear much of it on the road?"

Marion: "Oh, yes, nearly everybody I knock down swears horribly."

Mr. Wheelock: "Who was Noah's wife?"

Tewksbury: "Joan of Arc."

Bartlett: "Yes, sir. I can trace my relatives back to a family tree."

Moody: "Well, there are only two things that live in trees—birds and monkeys and there aren't any feathers on you."

Robie: "I just burned up a \$100 bill."

B. McMaster: "You must be a millionaire."

Robie: "If I were a millionaire, I'd pay it instead of burning it."

Dumont: "My ancestors came over in the Mayflower."

Myatt: It's lucky they did; the immigration laws are a little stricter now."

Blanchard: "Have you forgotten you owe me five dollars?"

Watts: "No, not yet. Give me time and I will."

C. Smith: "I'm a very busy man. What is your proposition?"

Stranger: "I want to make you rich."

Smith: "Just so. Leave your recipe with me and I'll look it over later. Just now I'm engaged in closing up a little deal by which I expect to make \$3.50 in real money."

Gurley: "There's nothing like cheerfulness. I admire anyone who sings at his work."

A. Romeiko: "How you must love mosquitoes."

Student (writing home): "How do you spell 'financially'?"

Other: "F-i-n-a-n-c-i-a-l-l-y, and there are two R's in 'embarrassed'."

N. Bagley: "What did you do with the shirt I left here last night?"

Mother: "It was soiled so I sent it to the laundry."

N. Bagley: "Ye Gods, the entire history of England was on the cuffs."

R. Holm: "You are always behind in your studies."

H. Pelkey: "Well, you see, it gives me a chance to pursue them."

Hanf: "What is a committee, Mr. Wheelock?"

Mr. Wheelock: "A committee is something that takes a week to do what one man can do in an hour."

A fellow from Londonderry arrived in town and noticed a sign on a hardware store "Cast Iron Sinks."

He stood for a minute and then said, "Any fool knows that."

Arline Duvarney: "Oops! I broke my looking glass! I bet I'll have seven years' bad luck!"

Priscilla Darling: "Don't let that worry you. A friend of mine broke hers, and she didn't have seven years' bad luck. She was killed in an explosion the next day."

Mr. Wilson: "So you want to marry my daughter? Do you consider yourself financially able to do so?"

Bill Torrey: "Well, after a fellow has brought candy and flowers for a girl for a year, and has taken her to the theater twice a week and is still not broke, I guess he can afford to get married."

Glidden: "You'll never get that new dog of yours to mind you."

Abigail Clark: "Oh, yes, I will,—you were just as troublesome yourself at first."

Grady: "Have you heard my last joke?"

Manning: "I hope so."

Freshman: "What does 'close quarters' mean?"

Gail Johnson: "It's a definition of my trying to get dues out of the Sophomores."

Charles Smith: "Better consider my course in efficiency training. I can show you how to earn more money than you are getting."

Dick Dalton: "Don't need it. I do that now."

BELIEVE IT OR NOT—

Kenneth Blanchard is a bachelor.

The Senior boys defeated the faculty in a game of volley ball.

Out of the 41 members of the Senior Class that voted by ballot at a meeting, 67 votes were cast.

A certain senior girl has been traveling "incognito."

The Juniors, just to be different, went on their sleigh ride in a sleigh.

On the Senior Play Cast trip, Miss Billings did not drive over 30 miles per hour.

The Senior Boys' Basketball Team is bringing suit against the girls for damages.

About three-fifths of the student body believe that a snake can be formed by putting a horse hair in water.

Frances Grover walked to school the other morning.

We have a Zasu Pitts in the Senior Class.

Mr. Gaskill: "Dasky, can you tell me where we find mangoes?"

Dasky: "Yes, sir, wherever woman goes."

A graduate of the Automobile Club: "Why, judge, I wasn't going 40 miles an hour,—not 30,—not even 10—in fact when the officer came up to me I was almost at a standstill."

Judge: "Stop! Stop! or you'll be backing into something."



- 1913 The engagement of Miss Ruth B. Ackerman of Derry Village to Rev. Herbert Crossley of Methuen, Mass., has been announced.
- 1915 Mrs. Martha Crosby has been appointed consultant ex-officio of the Education Policies Commission.
- 1932 Pauline Spear has received a Matriculation at Boston Medical School.
- 1933 John Moody was graduated from Bryant and Stratton in Boston on March 16, 1936.
- 1934 Arlamae Louise Taylor—Miss Taylor was married on February 15, 1936 to Francis Paradis of Derry.
- 1935 Martha Bagley has commenced her training at the Nashua Memorial Hospital.
- 1935 Rose MacGauley has commenced her training at the Cambridge City Hospital.
- 1935 Samuel Patten has received a nomination for West Point.

BIRTHS

To Mr. and Mrs. George Fuller a son on March 6, 1936, George Albert, Jr., The mother will be remembered as Virginia Mitchell of the class of 1935.

To Mr. and Mrs. Leslie McGregor a daughter on February 10, 1936, Alicia May. The mother will be remembered as Edith Chase ex-member of the class of 1936.

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